

Nigger in a Punkin Patch

NIGGER IN A PUNKIN PATCH 5131 A2

Russ and Cleo Pike Visalia, 1941

Oh, if you'd a been there You'd a laughed till you died To see the little nigger When he let the punkin slide, When he let the punkin slide.

A nigger in a punkin patch Plenty room to spare All around the punkin patch A punkin here and there And a punkin here and there.

Oh, if you'd a been there You'd a laughed till you died To see the little nigger When he let the punkin slide, When he let the punkin slide.

Nigger stole a punkin And he ran down to town A policeman blew his whistle And he let the punkin down, O he let the punkin down.

Oh, if you'd a been there You'd a laughed till you died To see the little nigger When he let the punkin slide, When he let the punkin slide.

Now they took him before the grand jury The judge to plead his case He swore that he was innocent And he turned right black in the face, O he turned right black in the face.

Oh, if you'd a been there You'd a laughed till you died To see the little nigger When he let the punkin slide, When he let the punkin slide.

Now his head is like a coffee pot His nose is like a spout And his mouth is like a fire place With the ashes all kicked out With the ashes all kicked out.

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